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L O N D O N :

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O D E S.

O D E 2

P O E M S.

O D E I.

The Writer professes his Love of Poetry.

YE minstrels of the classic choir,
Who touch'd of yore the golden lyre,
With due obeisance let me bow
Where round your shrines the laurels grow!
O great magicians of the song,
To you such honours well belong!

B

You

You can our drooping minds inspire
 With love of Fame and Freedom's fire ;
 Or you can sooth our frowning cares,
 And lull our souls with Lydian airs.
 Blest Poets, say, what mortal bold
 With you may sacred converse hold?
 Say, who may meet your wandering shades
 In Grecian Tempe's fabled glades,
 Or rather by the banks of Thames,
 Who rolls his proud imperial streams
 Through many a maze of rural pleasure,
 The favourite haunts of Attic leisure?
 Ye glorious Dead ! such were your days,
 That every chafest ear must praise,
 While fire and harmony combin'd
 To overcome the ravish'd mind.

Perhaps

Perhaps you may not in your choir
 Admit my harsher Celtic lyre :
 A pilgrim from a northern land,
 I dare not mingle with your band.
 I know a rude and barbarous Muse,
 Wet with the Caledonian dew,
 First taught my un aspiring tongue,
 And woo'd my youthful heart to song ;
 While Nature in her wild attire
 Would oft my glowing mind inspire
 To sing of her, in uncouth strain,
 That well amus'd a thoughtless swain.
 By such poetic humble play
 I cheat some dreary lingering day,
 Nor hope to earn the wreath of Fame,
 Or gain a Poet's honour'd name.

Yet,

Yet with enthusiastic love
 I roam each consecrated grove,
 And view with extacy each scene
 Where Britain's bards have trod the green.
 Not Blenheim's trophy'd grandeur warms
 My bosom more than Woodstock's charms:
 There Chaucer did the Muses hail
 His guests, and told them many a tale,
 Which cheerly entertain'd awhile
 These lovely strangers in our isle.
 I reverence the glimmering bowers
 And grot, where Pope consum'd the hours;
 'Twas there the wits of Anna's days
 Convers'd, and sung immortal lays.
 Now through the grotto * squalor reigns,
 And Twitnam hears no tuneful strains;

O'er

* A. D. 1777.

O'er Thames the weeping willows mourn,
 And Grief reclines upon his urn.
 Chertsey derives perpetual fame
 From melancholy Cowley's name:
 'Twas there, remote from courts and strife,
 He hop'd to taste th' Arcadian life,
 And fought in vain on Surrey's plains
 The true simplicity of swains.
 The tomb of moralizing Gray
 To Stoke invites my steps to stray.
 What if I strike my heaving breast,
 And bid his pensive spirit rest?
 It may not much displease his shade
 That near his shrine I humbly tread.
 This hallow'd spot more charms my mind
 (While waves the cypress to the wind)

C

Than

Than Eton's famous classic ground,
 And all the glories Windsor round.
 To know him since my lot forbade,
 I o'er his tomb my incense shed.
 Remote from petulance and noise,
 I listen here to Wisdom's voice :
 I purge the errors of my youth,
 And bend my soul to moral truth ;
 Or strive to catch the spark of fire,
 Which animated Pindar's lyre.

O D E II.

THE CALEDONIAN SPRING.

THE hoary Tyrant of the Cold
 Now drops the sceptre from his hold;
 The rigid frost no more enchains
 The moaning floods and drooping plains;
 The snowy web that wrapt the trees
 Is rent by kind Favonius' breeze.
 In bleak and darkest midnight hour
 Was done this deed of heav'nly power.
 The moon faint glimmer'd through the clouds,
 The ghosts did fly in airy shrouds,

And

And men entranc'd in troublous dreams
 Were laid, when o'er the woods and streams
 Some great Ambassadour of Air
 'Mid roaring whirlwinds roll'd his car.
 His voice the elements obey,
 And frosts and snows confess his sway.
 A hollow murmur strikes the ear,
 While Nature feels the changing year:
 Dank horrors flee with moody spleen,
 And Spring and Pleasure tread the green.

Ye Fays and happy Spirits all,
 Appear and listen to my call;
 Now hold your revels on our shore,
 For lo! the dreary winter's o'er!
 Blow, blow, ye genial Western winds,
 And wake the roes and sleeping hinds!

While

While o'er the woody dales they range,
 Let them perceive the grateful change.
 Blow, blow, and gently fan the air,
 And tell the tale to all the Fair;
 Tell them the year relents apace,
 And bids all cold and rigour cease.
 It is the voice of Spring that calls,
 Whispering by the water-falls.
 Ye morning Zephyrs, kindly blow!
 But let no cruel sportsman know
 Where black-cocks, in a numerous train,
 In some sequester'd vale or plain,
 With clamour flap the jetty wing,
 And celebrate the rites of Spring.
 Let not rude man their rites profane,
 Nor blood the simple nuptials stain.

The Sun arises from his bed,
 Wrap'd with Aurora's mantle red ;
 The fay-befriending Moon (her choirs
 Dissolv'd, and dim'd the twinkling fires)
 A paly circlet now appears,
 And Zephyrs dry the Morning's tears.
 Now sweetly purls the little stream,
 Reflecting many a tremulous beam ;
 In verdant dress and virgin-weeds
 The fields are deck'd, and deck'd the meads.
 Now melts the bosom of the ground,
 And trees and herbs rejoice around.
 I feel soft-breathing o'er the leas
 A balmy freshness in the breeze ;
 I see the hinds subdue the soil,
 And urge the fervent rural toil :

The

The kids exulting I behold,
 And hear the bleating of the fold;
 Loud rings the carol of the grove,
 And Nature whispers joy and love.
 Then let us all with Spring rejoice,
 And be not mute the harp or voice.
 Rejoice ere frigid Age draw near;
 'Twill then be Winter all the year.
 While Youth and Health are in their prime,
 To happiness devote the time;
 For strange vicissitudes befall
 In life, and mar our projects all:
 Too soon shall fable Death appear,
 And stretch his victims on the bier.
 See every sprightly race decay,
 And fall like Autumn's leaves away!

We

We too shall fade as shadows vain,
 And scarce a trace of us remain.
 This beauteous world of God
 (Where oft ungratefully we trod)
 Shall then no more our eyes delight,
 But sink in everlasting night.
 No more shall we the vernal bloom
 Admire, or rose's sweet perfume;
 No more the orient sun behold
 Bright flaming with celestial gold.
 In vain our friends our lot bewail;
 We all must pass the fatal vale,
 And much we ought to meditate
 On that unknown eternal state.
 The very thought half chills the blood,
 And wraps my soul in pensive mood.

Be then our joys of sober kind,
 Such as may not relax the mind:
 The temperate season here inspires
 No pleasures bad or wanton fires.
 For not to us does Spring display
 Those blissful scenes so green and gay
 Which ever smile in Virgil's song;
 Those charms to warmer climes belong.
 The cold of March forbids this theme,
 And damps the gay poetic dream.
 The distant mountain snows declare
 Too well the temper of our air.
 Yet here th' untainted Swain inhales
 Hygeia's briskest, purest gales :
 The Virgin's bloom excels the rose,
 And here no dire Syroccho blows.

E

Our

Our hills the Nymph of Freedom loves,
And gladly with the Shepherd roves.
Italy, boast thy Spring so gay,
And leave us Liberty and May !

O D E

O D E III.

T O M A Y.

YE Muses, desist from sorrowful strains,
 And whispering lull my penfive ideas!
 Behold the sweet rose of Summer appears,
 And Nature is deck'd in gayest apparel;
 Soft May now diffuses odours and flowers,
 And bids us with gladness welcome her season.
 I see her array'd in kirtle of green,
 I see her adorn'd with posies and garlands:
 To matin light airs she dances along,
 The shepherds admire her elegant gestures;
 And

And happy is he that handles her train,
 Or touches the cestus circling her bosom.
 Ye minstrels, awake and mix with our choir !
 Let harmony soft inspire our devotion ;
 O praise the propitious season of Love,
 Your tribute is due to innocent pleasure.
 No Sage will despise the prime of the year,
 But rouse from his bed and traverse the valley :
 My studies and books *, I bid you adieu,
 I bid you adieu, ye glimmering tapers !

* ————— There is game none
 That fro my bookes maketh me to gone,
 But if it be seldom on the holiday,
 Save certainly when the month of May
 Is come, and that I hear the foules sing,
 And that the flowers ginner for to spring,
 Farewell my booke and my devotion !

CHAUCER.

For

For say can your pleasures rival the May,
 Or can they exceed the beauties of Nature?
 Now let me by dawn my chamber forsake,
 While broad seems the Sun and ruddy his glory,
 Through vapours that wrap the womb of the morn,
 And every green copse re-echoes with warbling.
 Then fauntering at ease the daisies I cull,
 And trace with my eye the rivulet's windings;
 The flowers of the grove are favourites of Love,
 Enchanting as those that grow in the garden:
 Of flowers of the grove a garland I'll weave,
 A wreath that may please some innocent charmer.
 How hard is his heart that loves not in May!
 Methinks he is form'd for mischief and treason.
 At noon let me find th' umbrageous retreat,
 That shades from the sun th'o'er canopy'd fountain:

F

There

There meet with the Fays that haunt the pure streams,
 And parleying hold with wandering Dryads.
 The ghosts of old bards shall thither resort,
 But chief let me meet the spirit of Chaucer;
 He well could describe the beauties of May,
 Most pleasing his lay, tho' Gothic his language.
 At eve let me stray 'mid ridges of corn,
 And flourishing ears that wave to the breezes;
 Or let me behold the sun in the West
 With glory descend and sink in the ocean :
 I see his faint rays the mountain retains,
 The glittering rays enlighten its summit.
 Thus mild and serene be the eve of my life,
 And placid let Hope illumine my darkness;
 I then must forego the pleasures of May,
 And think on my couch of pensive ideas.

O D E

O . D E IV.

TO CHILDHOOD:

WHILE yet a little Child
 The fields and flocks I lov'd,
 And oft through regions wild
 My lawless footsteps rov'd.
 The canvass of my breast
 Each landscape still retains:
 On Childhood once imprest
 Long th' imagery remains.

Pleasant

Pleasant the fields and flocks

And uncorrupted green!

You too, ye wilds, ye rocks,

And each romantic scene

I trac'd with young surprize!

My Fancy, scorning bounds,

Pierc'd farther than my eyes,

And roam'd o'er fairy grounds.

The civilized plain

She led me oft to leave

By her suggestions vain:

She made me oft believe,

Beyond those woods and hills

Some other world might lie,

Rude dales, and oak-crown'd rills,

Where awful murmurs sigh.

Will

Will of the Wisp fo leads
 Th' unwary fwain aftray,
 And over hills and meads
 Attracts the wanderer's way.

Ye kids, ye calves, and lambs,
 With whom I wanton'd wild
 While frisking round your dams,
 Till the gray Shepherd smil'd,
 Where, oh, where are you now?
 Companions free from harm,
 'Twill please to think of you
 While memory can charm!
 Nor can I e'er forget

The favourite wood and hill,
 Where oft in evening late,
 When all the vale was still,

The mountain-berries fair

I pluck'd in humour glad :

How tempting gay they were,

The blue, the black, and red!

During this feast unbought

Sometimes I look'd around

With melancholy thought,

And view'd the vale profound.

They fright the hamlet-maid

With many a frantick tale

Of wild-cats in this glade,

Of sprites and midnight wail.

The gentle heath-cocks came;

They told me they would stay

To hover o'er my dream

When eve clos'd th' eye of day.

I tun'd

I tun'd my rural reed,
 Nor of more potent charm
 My innocence had need
 'Gainst any demon's harm.
 The sylvan Nymph of Sound,
 Romantic Echo, spread
 The melody around,
 And made the forest glad.
 The Moon a glimmering light
 Diffus'd the Rays among,
 And rudest birds of night,
 That listen'd to my song.
 To see so strange a train
 My careless courage smil'd;
 Enchanted with the strain,
 The wanderers hail'd the Child!

Ye visions wild, adieu!

The gay romance of Youth

Has vanish'd from my view,

And left the naked truth.

O spleen of Reason, tell,

Why alter'd thus my mind?

In no sequester'd dell

I now such wonders find.

Life's thorny, rugged scene

My sad experience knows;

All blasted is the green,

Extinct the gaudy shows.

On no fam'd river's brink

I see Elyfian dreams;

But sadly fit and think

By solitary streams.

Adieu

Adieu to tripping measures !

In numbers grave and flow,

Averse to frolic pleasures,

Hence let my verses flow.

Since in my prime of age

The world's vain colours fade,

The moralizing page

Shall footh me in the shade.

H

ODE

O D E V.

THE PLEASURES OF A SUMMER EVENING.

WHILE some delight in circles gay,

And some in mirth and wine,

And some in worse adventurous play,

Averse to pleasures vain,

Me chaster scenes can please,

The soft delights of ease.

Me more than all their joys enchant

The smiles of Summer Eve,

And gilded clouds with mantles rent,

That float along the skies:

The

The master-colours blend,
 The red and blue contend
 To rule upon the Welkin's brow,
 And charm the gazing eye,
 While through the trees or bush below,
 O'er all the quivering leaves,
 The sun as down he goes
 In thousand streamlets glows.
 At this sweet hour I tiptoe stand,
 Along the green hill's side,
 With Fancy's pencil in my hand,
 In every thought serene,
 Tracing each finest feature,
 The nakedness of Nature!
 Till the dove sleeps in the still grove,
 And th' owl from inmost gloom

Begin

Begins to hoot, well-pleased I rove,

And hear the rural hum,

By night bedim'd my view,

My locks all wet with dew.

Let some delight in circles gay,

And some in mirth and wine,

And some in worse adventurous play ;

Averse to pleasures vain,

Me chaster scenes can please,

The soft delights of Ease.

O D E

O D E VI.

TO BEAUTY.

O BEAUTY, blisful power,
 Patroness of the gay and fair,
 I in propitious hour
 To thee address this simple air!
 Thy universal sway
 All Nature's children own;
 Thy smiles the strong obey,
 And dread thy magic frown,
 Thy powerful charms can move
 The rugged savage of the wood,
 And teach him gentle love,
 With every tender, soothing mood.

I

O tell

O tell me, Charmer, tell,
 Where in some green Elyfian ifle
 Each day thou deign'ft to dwell,
 That there we may our cares beguile ?
 Now with the rifing moon
 Come let us trace the defart fky,
 And in a gay balloon
 Far o'er the earth and mountains fly.
 The obfequious fummer gales
 Now waft us to the lovelieft Queen ;
 How fweet and wild the vales,
 How fanciful the groves between !
 A vifionary Choir
 Of blooming Youths and Virgins fair,
 With fong and foft defire
 We pierce the fragrant folds of air.

The

The Ocean rolls below,
 But why should we its billows fear?
 In Virtue bold we go,
 And feel our Guardian Angels near.
 The sun with setting smile
 Far hails the gay, fantastic band,
 And Love with grateful toil
 Before us waves his purple wand.
 While thus upon the wing,
 Warbling to charm the azure sky,
 Touch we the joyous string,
 Sound we "the leaf-spread palace nigh."
 But lo! the pink-rob'd Queen
 (Her auburn tresses loosely flowing)
 Reclines her blushing mien,
 With many a rose around her blowing.

Along.

Along the streamlet's fide
 She fees the tender lambkins play,
 And free from courtly pride
 Still waves a blooming hawthorn spray.
 Near her the mountain-bee,
 Deft pillager of th' odorous wood,
 From every flower and tree
 Collects sweet spoils, nectareous food.
 Here pureft Pleasure reigns,
 Here harmless Mirth and Mufic's found
 Enchant the happy plains,
 And Guilt ne'er treads this favour'd ground.
 Here, Beauty, in thy bower
 Each lovely Nymph and virtuous Youth
 Shall blefs the golden hour
 That knits their vows of love and truth!

Sweet

Sweet shrubs and roses bring,
 Blue lilies bring and eglantine ;
 Bring water from the spring,
 And crown the cup with mantling wine.
 But whence this wanton strain ?
 Nor Love nor Beauty smiles on me ;
 My lot is toil and pain,
 My harp adorns the willow tree.
 Me fretting cares furround,
 And real scenes perplex each day ;
 From Fiction's flowery ground
 These scenes recal my idle lay.

K

O D E

O D E VII.

T O L O V E.

HAIL, spirit of ætherial fire,
 Whose pinions scatter o'er

The world the seeds of soft desire!

Propitious smile on me,

And pleasure deign to pour

In genial golden shower.

What lay may fitly please thy ear?

Teach me those tender strains,

O Love, which thou delight'st to hear;

Such strains as may avail

In

In this inferior clime
 To sooth the tardy time:
 The * song that charm'd the furly † shade,
 And dreary fable ghosts;
 Or wilt thou chuse the || Nutbrown Maid,
 The § plaint of Hagley's groves,
 Soft ‡ Shenstone's pastoral wail,
 Or ** Dorigene's chaste tale?
 To thee such soul-enchancing airs
 Thy votary will give,
 If thou, O Love, wilt hear my prayers,
 And guard the Nymph I love,

* Story of Orpheus and Eurydice. † Pluto. || An old English
 Ballad. § Lord Lyttelton's Monody. ‡ Shenstone's Pastoral Ballad.
 ** The Franklein's Tale in Chaucer.

And

And blefs my rural bowers
 With gay celestial hours.
 Still may I dwell in glimmering glades
 'Mid wilds of flowery sweets,
 And Care ne'er haunt my favourite fhades,
 That frightful fpectre Care,
 That through the palace roams,
 Or yawns in gilded domes.

Invoking thus the power of Love,
 Methought I faintly heard
 (While near me coo'd the turtle-dove)

Some tutelary voice :

Mild as the gales of May
 It whispering feem'd to fay,

“ The

“ The gentle Angel Love resides
“ With spotless minds alone,
“ But soon his glorious visage hides
“ When Vice defiles the soul :
“ Let Virtue warm thy breast,
“ And Love shall be thy guest.”

The first of these

is the fact that

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I D Y L L I A;

O R

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

L

1871

1872

I D Y L L I U M I.

A SOLITARY VALLEY.

HOW solitary is this glen !
 No creature meets my wistful eye,
 Except the skipping desert-wren,
 Or clambering goats that browse on high.
 Wild animals, console my mind !
 'Tis solemn stillness all around,
 Save that this sadly-fighting wind
 Aids melancholy by its sound.
 Wild animals, you heed not me,
 But careless waste the live-long day !
 No casual Traveller I see
 To cheat with talk the weary way.

M

Let

Let Eremites from life retire

To live in lonely cave or wood;

Their breasts let holy raptures fire,

Till Solitude has made them good.

Tho' Solitude I dearly love,

And often from the noisy throng

Withdraw to some retired grove,

Yet too much Solitude is wrong.

Tho' worthless be the selfish race,

Society has still its charms:

The effulgence of the human face

The sympathetic bosom warms.

O did my Friend but meet me here,

Would * Morison now hail my eyes,

He could this dreary valley cheer,

And rouse my heart with glad surprize.

To

* The Rev. Mr. Morison, of Canisledy, Caithnessshire.

To thee, O Morison, belongs

The good man's open soul sincere,

Which I prefer to choicest songs,

Thine too the generous, artless tear !

Since first with thee the Grecian page

I turn'd by Don's impetuous streams,

I've felt the world's tempestuous rage,

And things not fit for Poets' themes.

Some evil blasts young Hope's fair bloom

Have chill'd, and damp'd the love of praise ;

My fancy feels a pensive gloom,

And pain has broke my manly days.

What knaves and dupes in life there be,

What selfish arts and dangerous snares,

Shall ne'er, my Friend, be sung by me,

Nor shall my story whet thy cares.

The

The world, you'd say on tranſient fight,
 Had learn'd the Machiavelian rules,
 But if you think and take it right,
 The greater part are only fools.
 Tho' I have rang'd this goodly iſle
 To old Bolerium's fabled cape,
 I found not happineſs the while,
 But trouble met in many a ſhape;
 Tho' much the volumes of the Wiſe
 I have perus'd, and many a claſſic tale,
 Yet muſt I ſtill with poring eyes
 My little progreſs oft bewail.
 Tho' I have labour'd many a day,
 I have not Fortune reach'd, nor Fame;
 With calm Content I only pray
 To live and die without a name:

Still

Still dear to me, whate'er thy fate,

Whether sweet flowers bestrew thy way,

Or thorns and briers perplex thy gate,

Be constant and serene, I say.

Should in thy course some storms arise,

Then imitate the rock which braves

The tempests thundering to the skies,

Nor heeds the roaring Pentland waves.

Friendship can make by magic power

This wilderness of life look gay ;

It lights the dark and heavy hour,

And like a star conducts our way.

Behold how sadly o'er the brook

The solitary aspen quakes ;

It sighs in that sequestered nook,

Like one whom every man forsakes.

N

How

How like to him whose penfive hours:

In friendless grief for ever pine,

Who still his heart in secret pours,

And calls the Arbiter Divine!

Beneath this tree, in ancient days,

A Bard, who wail'd his wedded Love,

Sung to the lyre his plaintive lays,

As if by lays he Death could move.

“ Return, fond partner of my breast,

“ He said, and leave me not forlorn!

“ Thy loss disturbs each evening's rest,

“ And saddens every purple morn.

“ The Spring revives each fading flower,

“ With all their leaves and colours gay;

“ Oh when shall Spring my Love restore,

“ And warm to life her mouldering clay?”

High-

High on the tree his harp he hung,
 When many an unavailing air
 At length the tear-wet chords unstrung,
 And Music yielded to Despair.
 Adieu, thou melancholy tree!
 Still whisper to the moaning rill,
 And let it not displeasing be
 To the good Genius of the hill,
 If in thy rind I carve my name,
 And in the rock engrave thy tale!
 Tho' mournful surely be the theme,
 'Twill suit this solitary vale.
 So may with it some love-lorn Maid
 Her penfive humour entertain :
 Let none profane approach this shade;
 Avaunt! each false and perjur'd Swain! :

But lo! deserted huts appear;
 Reliques of life still strew the field;
 The Highlanders, some happier year,
 Did here their simple * dairies build.
 From noon-tide heats and summer showers
 They thus contriv'd to shade their heads;
 They fram'd these humble pastoral bowers,
 And happy slept on heath-strown beds.
 These Highlanders are now no more;
 In Nature's bosom some repose,
 Some seek a strange and distant shore,
 A safe asylum from their woes.
 What cause thus exiles from the state
 The once contented frugal Swain?
 Is it the oppression of the Great,
 Or some gay visions of the brain?

Say,

* See Pennant's Tour.

Say, is there any chosen clime,
 The seat of Happiness and Ease,
 Where men may pass the golden time,
 Secure from misery and disease?
 Yet hence, perhaps, some proud Grandee,
 Whom all the neighbourhood obey,
 Through ignorance has made them flee,
 Exacting more than they can pay.
 The Southern fashions well he knows,
 But cares not for th' industrious arts
 By which Old England's glory rose,
 Nor strives to win the Farmers' hearts.
 O most preposterous abuse!
 All England's luxury to spread,
 Yet never aim to introduce
 Her manufactures and her trade.

O

In

In vain our ancestors we blame,
 And sneer at feudal vassalage;
 They made their vassals' good their aim,
 Their plan was suited to their age.

In vain do we our vulgar race
 Of pride and idleness accuse:
 Their fame not Slander can efface,
 Nor glowing Churchill's maudlin Muse.

In this supposed Augustan time,
 Ah! why should Poverty maintain
 Her sway in Caledonia's clime,
 Or tracks of Tyranny remain?

Say, lives there here among the Great
 A man who hates the Christian Cause,
 A Foe to Freedom in the State,
 Or good Astræa's equal laws?

If

If fuch there be, may Vengeance due
 The savage monfter overtake !
 To him, ye fields, no crop renew,
 But thistle's down or ufelefs brake !
 With impious villains may he live,
 And flaves that crouch to every Lord ;
 To him no aid let Juftice give,
 Nor Peace nor Plenty blefs his board !
 Hail to the man of gen'rous heart,
 Who points the way to ufeful toil,
 Who cherifhes each liberal art,
 And makes the poor man's cottage fmile !
 For him thefe waftefs fhall bloom with corn,
 His herds o'er clover meads fhall ftay,
 No fpot around appear forlorn,
 But every cultur'd vale look gay.

I D Y L L I U M II.
OF ENGLISH POETRY, &c.

TO please our rough illiterate Sires
Rude minstrels tun'd their native lyres;
Tho' stern the temper of the times,
They felt the power of homely * rhimes;
Tho' sever'd by the furly main,
Sweet Poesy here rais'd her strain.
Our home-inspired Bards of old
Amus'd our Knights and Barons bold;

* " Certain it is that in our plainest homeliness, yet never was the
" Albion nation without Poetry." (Sir Philip Sidney's Defense of
Poetry.)

So

So could pathetic ballads move
 To arms, to pity, or to love.
 No fabled streams, nor Grecian glades
 They knew, nor Heliconian maids;
 Yet Nature taught them glorious themes,
 They sung of woods and azure streams,
 In war what dangers Heroes prove,
 And what the woes of faithful Love.
 Alfred by song his Saxons train'd,
 And savage manners were restrain'd;
 By song did Chaucer, antient Sage,
 Instruct his rough, heroic age.

But when at length bright Learning's day
 Had chac'd the morning clouds away,

P

True

True Taste illumin'd all the isle,
 And classic Genius deign'd to smile :
 The destin'd æra now was come,
 When we should rival Greece and Rome.
 Harmonious Spenser, at the head,
 Through fairy wilds the Muses led.
 Then Shakespear rose, of boundless mind,
 And held a mirror to mankind.
 Milton, divine enthusiast, shone
 In themes to antient Bards unknown :
 He on aspiring pinions soar'd,
 And Heaven's glorious realms explor'd ;
 He view'd the Earth in all its show,
 And rang'd the awful worlds below :
 While utter darkness veil'd his eyes,
 Each night a Spirit from the skies

With

With hymns consol'd his lonely hours,
 Befriended by the harmonious powers.
 Then Dryden charm'd the wondering times,
 Nor felt the shackles of his rhimes ;
 His breast with native spirit glow'd,
 From him the verse instinctive flow'd,
 And to this Poet England owes
 The chastest graces of her prose :
 Penury and Superstition blind
 Could not depress his vigorous mind ;
 But yet the morals of his age
 Too often stain his glowing page.
 Our favourite Pope, with nicer care,
 The powers propitious deign'd to rear :
 Sound learning, thought and taste refin'd,
 To form his genius were combin'd,

And

And Virtue tip'd his arrows keen,
 Tho' wounded knaves might term it spleen.
 Nor here can I forget that Northern Bard,
 Whose honest fame has far been heard;
 Thomson, whose manly, natural lays,
 Amus'd my early, fauntering days.
 O wanderer of Richmond's Vale,
 Thy generous spirit let me hail!
 The Doric melody, the Muse
 Did not to thy grave songs refuse;
 Fond Fancy o'er thy visions smil'd,
 And Nature show'd her beauties wild!
 But long the task to tell each name
 Mark'd in the kalendar of Fame;
 Nor ought we thanksless to disdain
 Whate'er the Muse, of chaster vein,

Has

Has in our later age inspir'd ;
 Our Druid Mafon is admir'd,
 And more his nobler brother Gray ;
 Nor fcorn we Beattie's minftrel lay.

But, ah, the change ! nor pastoral ftains
 From green-corn pipe the British Swains
 Delight ; nor dares the founding lyre
 With Freedom's airs the mind inspire.
 Why fleeps the fpirit of the fong ?
 Why mute the Poet's facred tongue ?
 Does Fate to ftated times refrain
 Poetic Infpiration's reign ?
 Does coming Slavery damp the mind,
 Or Luxury debase mankind ?

Q I fear

I fear our weak, unmanly rhimes
 Too well bespeak degenerate times.
 Where shall some happy Genius rise,
 On whom the Chauntress of the Skies
 Serene with natal omens smil'd ?
 If such there be, O hide the child
 From envious eyes and blasting air ;
 Remove him far from vulgar care ;
 And let not Penury forlorn,
 Or Sorrow chill his opening morn :
 Ye Powers that love the Poet's strain,
 Avert th' ungenerous Slaves of Gain !
 Those monsters vile corrupt the soul,
 And think that Genius is a Fool.
 But let our Youth sweet converse hold
 With spirits generous and bold,

Who

Who love each ever-glowing page
 Of Homer, and the Mantuan Sage.
 Those wonders let him oft survey,
 Which Nature's ample scenes display :
 Along the promontory's brow,
 While Ocean foams and roars below,
 Let him each awful rock explore,
 When tempests wrap their summits hoar :
 But never, never may he miss
 Those hours of chaste, extatic bliss,
 When all the purpled welkin streams
 With blushing morn or evening's beams ;
 Or, o'er the oaks and hillocks green,
 The full-orb'd Moon is rising seen :
 In tranquil vallies let him rove,
 And hear the carol of the grove,

Where

Where whispering leaves, of various green,
 And brawling brooks, divert the scene,
 Mid rural innocence and truth,
 With spotless Nymph, or artless Youth,
 His Summer-hours let him employ,
 Estrang'd to all unhallow'd joy :
 Let generous love of human kind,
 And hopes of fame, exalt his mind.
 If such there be, he yet our praise
 May gain, and claim the antient bays :
 He yet new fountains may explore,
 And regions never trod before.
 Should such a prodigy arise,
 And tempt with eagle's wings the skies,
 O grant that I may hear his lay,
 Before I join my kindred clay !

Let

Let glowing Pleasure rule my heart,
 Subdu'd by his victorious art ;
 While he shall in inspired verse
 Heroic thoughts and deeds rehearse.
 Disdaining * plain historic life,
 Each mean event and trivial strife,
 Such high ideas he will find
 As reach the grandeur of the mind.

* Vide Lord Bacon de Augm. Scient. Lib. ii, 13.

I D Y L L I U M III.

ELEGY ON * DONALD MACLEAN, ESQ. JUN.
OF COLL.

IS then Maclean no more? Beloved youth
To Honour form'd, to manliness and truth!!
His fate let Doric Elegy bewail,
And fondly dwell upon the plaintive tale:
If dirge or elegy can reach the dead,
Accept this humble tribute, sacred shade!

* The character of this young gentleman is not unknown to those who have read Dr. Samuel Johnson's Tour to the Hebrides.

Begin,

Begin, ye Hebrides, the mournful strain ;
 To the Ocean hoar bewail your favourite swain.
 How oft have you his nimble footsteps seen
 Upon the rocky coast or chearful green ?
 How often have you heard, on some bright day,
 The pipe proclaim his bark within the bay ?
 But never, never more shall you behold
 His bark, in summer's heat or winter's cold :
 Your bold romantic wonders to explore,
 The Southern stranger he shall guide no more :
 Amid the gloom and horrors of the waves,
 Clos'd are his eyes, his breast the billow laves.
 Begin, ye Hebrides, the mournful strain,
 To the Ocean hoar bewail your favourite swain.
 But chiefly thou, O sandy Isle of Coll !
 While round thy rocks the Atlantic surges roll,

Thro'

'Thro' every simple hamlet spread the tale,
 And weep aloud to every sighing gale.
 Then waft the sound, ye breezes, through the sky,
 Till Mull's green dales and azure bays reply.
 The ghosts that haunt the * cavern of Fingal,
 Shall hear, and awful voices fill his hall.
 Thou little tributary isle, attend,
 And pay thy mournful homage to my friend:
 Inchhenneth ! little, green, romantic isle,
 Where hospitable joy was wont to smile !
 'Twas there a friendly, generous † Chief I knew ;
 'Twas there a heavenly maiden charm'd my view :
 But now thy pleasures, verdant isle, forego,
 Transform thy social joys to sable woe,

* See Pennant's Tour.

† Sir Allan Maclean.

And

And let thy Chief and guardian Maiden weep,
 For low their friend lies buried in the deep.
 Hark! hark! what dismal shrieks approach the shore?
 The sinking youths some friendly aid implore:
 Yet here no dire Charybdis whirls the waves,
 And here against the rocks no tempest raves;
 Their course the bland, propitious breezes hail'd,
 And all on a smooth summer-sea they sail'd.
 From Circe's cups what ills befall mankind,
 Whose potent fumes subdue the heavenly mind!
 Wretches, what now can expiate your crime?
 Through you my friend has perish'd in his prime.
 Of all the nooks and regions of the sea,
 For ever let this place unhallow'd be:
 Oft when the evening breeze begins to blow,
 This place the nymph shall mark and tears shall flow.

Where were ye, angels, at that fatal hour,
 If angels of the sea have any power?
 Say, did St. Thilda's cliffs your steps detain,
 Or some rude cavern of the Atlantic main?
 His swimming art oft mock'd the briny wave,
 Why could it not his life in peril save?
 Ah me! the good still perish in their prime,
 The bad live out an odious length of time.
 Ye moss-grown, martial statues of this isle,
 Ye semblant images of human toil,
 My voice let your departed spirits hear,
 And hail their son into the realms of air!
 Begin, ye Hebrides, the mournful strain,
 To the Ocean hoar bewail your favourite swain.
 Wild Rum, his death lament with many a tear,
 Repeat his story to the listening deer,

And

And oft let Echo to the found reply,
 From thy stupendous rocks that reach the sky;
 Dread rocks! thus rent of old, when all the world
 Was by the Deluge into chaos hurl'd.
 What vain delusion has possess'd my mind?
 I hear no voice or echo in the wind:
 In Rum no more is heard the hunter's found,
 A melancholy silence reigns around.
 Ah, luckless isles! long, long his death deplore,
 Lost is the soothest swain that trod the shore.
 Ye herds and flocks that through the mountains stray,
 To you he other pasture would display;
 Lament his doom, ye pining herds and flocks,
 And weep, ye shepherds on the tufted rocks.
 Mourn ye that tend the culture of the grain,
 Lost is the skilful tiller of the plain!

Like

Like angel good, and free from vulgar pride,
 Your ignorance he would benignly guide ;
 Then genial Ceres' golden sheaf would smile,
 And trees and herbs adorn each wondering isle.
 These arts he learn'd in England's fertile plain,
 The rural arts his hands did not disdain.
 But now the cultivated turnip field
 Perchance to darnel or to sand shall yield,
 The fern and dismal heath again prevail,
 And barrenness expel the rustic flail.
 The islander, averse to what is new
 May still his antiquated way pursue;
 Unto his horse's tail the harrow bind,
 And with the quern his parched barley grind.
 Begin, ye Hebrides, the mournful strain,
 To the Ocean hoar bewail your favourite swain.

Through

Through London's streets his distant father raves,
 And in his anguish chides the winds and waves.
 'Rest of her earliest hope, his mother weeps,
 And secret grief her nightly pillow steeps :
 But elegiac strains can ne'er express
 In numbers fit a mother's fond distress :
 Religion only could support her mind,
 That heavenly comforter of human kind.
 I charge you, nymphs of York, suppress the tear,
 Let not the tale his hapless sister hear :
 The fatal * paper on the table lies,
 Conceal, conceal it kindly from her eyes.
 What deep affliction did his brothers prove,
 They best can tell who like his brothers love.

* The news-paper which contained an account of this melancholy accident.

Ye Hebrides, prolong the mournful strain,
 To the Ocean hoar bewail your favourite swain.
 While o'er the Yorkshire Wolds I careless rang'd,
 The fatal tidings all my soul derang'd :
 Tho' far from me a breathless corpse he lay,
 The sympathetic chords began to play.
 Yes! souls of vulgar mould can learn unmov'd
 The death of friends, of friends they never lov'd ;
 I envy not their light unfeeling breast,
 Tho' pious sorrow never break their rest :
 But let them not deride this artless tear,
 When I address the manes of a youth so dear.
 Since first my eyes his liberal visage charm'd,
 Our breasts the sacred flame of friendship warm'd :
 We still agreed with perfect harmony,
 Nor I complain'd of him, nor he of me.

Him

Him each ingenuous, liberal youth did love,
 Of him did all the wise and good approve.
 The sacrifices of unhallow'd fire
 He shun'd, the pleasures of profane desire.
 His open manners charm'd severer age,
 Him Johnson lov'd, tho' deem'd austere sage :
 The youth who claims my humble Doric lays,
 O learned Johnson, earn'd thy honest praise !
 What tho' he did not find that wonderful well,
 Where philosophic truth is said to dwell,
 The native streams of Virtue pure he knew,
 And well I wot these streams are known to few.
 The merit of a generous, honest heart
 Exceeds each learn'd and scientific art ;
 And Virtue's flowers a sweeter odour spread,
 Than any cull'd on green Parnassus' head.

Yet

Yet willing we the lovely Muses woo'd
 Where Don into the Ocean rolls his flood,
 And heard * * his wholesome counsels lend,
 Who mix'd the manly master with the friend.
 Even * * *, the elegant and wife,
 Vouchsafed to view us with approving eyes ;
 And * * own'd that Virtue could bespeak
 His favour better than Homeric Greek.
 Spirit of * Elphinstone ! if aught thy ear
 Can reach of what is sung by mortals here,
 Permit me, patron of each liberal art,
 To pour the grateful homage of my heart !
 What tho' the clouds of hoar Antiquity
 Still hide thy merits from the vulgar eye ?

* Bishop Elphinstone, founder of King's College in Aberdeen, one of
 the most distinguished characters of the reign of James IV.

Thy

Thy works proclaim thy vast enlighten'd mind,
 Thou patriot and friend of human kind!
 The honours of thy Mitre shall not fade,
 Tho' Fame has wove no garland for thy head.
 Thanks be to thee for many a studious hour
 I spent within thy academic tower!
 Ah! then how jocund pass'd each smiling day!
 Midst books and sports these hours were ever gay:
 I knew no treacherous friend nor subtle snare,
 My life was free from pain and free from care.
 Cease, cease, ye Hebrides, the mournful strain,
 No more, ye isles, bewail your favourite swain.
 I feel the frail condition of our state,
 And Nature warns me of the laws of Fate;
 The sad vicissitude of human things,
 From every side the same instruction brings.

U

Mark

Mark how the course of the ever-rolling hours
 Levels in ruins splendid towns and towers :
 See how * Iona's mouldering walls decay,
 Where priests and heroes once were used to pray;
 The heifer treads upon the learn'd and brave,
 And squalid moss conceals Columba's grave.
 The characters of ruin we can trace
 Through all the precincts of the holy place.
 Why mourn we then the short-liv'd human flower,
 When fate has nipt it in untimely hour ?
 Short is at best the season of our kind,
 Expos'd to every chance and every wind :
 Should Death his fickle for a while refrain,
 The autumnal † ear must fall upon the plain,

* Ruins of Icolmkill.

† ——— κατὰ δ' ἀχθονταὶ βροτοὶ

ἔς γῆν φεροντες γῆν ἀναγκαιως δ' ἔχει

βιον θερίζειν, ὥς κε καρπιμον ἔαχυν.—Eurip. apud Stobæum.

Cease,

Cease, cease, ye Hebrides, the mournful strain,
 No more, ye isles, bewail your favourite swain.
 No doleful dirge can e'er recall the Dead,
 No sound can rouse them from their silent bed.
 In chilly * Autumn die the drooping flowers,
 Yet they revive by Spring's enlivening showers;
 But we shall slumber in our cells of clay,
 Nor wake until the last eternal day.
 Cease, cease, ye Hebrides, the mournful strain,
 No more, ye isles, bewail your favourite swain.
 His spirit now to brighter worlds has fled,
 And mixes with the venerable dead :
 And oh, may Virtue so conduct my feet,
 That I with my companion there may meet !

* Moschus Epit. Bion. v. 100.

There Milton meets his Lycidas again,
 Secure from all the dangers of the main;
 No melancholy saddens Cowley's mind,
 Consol'd his much-lov'd Harvey there to find:
 There meet triumphant o'er the scenes of Time
 The good and wise of every age and clime:
 No false, ungrateful friend or prosperous knave,
 Shall injure there the generous or brave.
 Ye Fatal Sisters, swiftly spin the thread,
 And soon disclose the regions of the Dead;
 Dissolve the tiffue of my toil and pain,
 And let me join my youthful friend again!

I D Y L L I U M IV.

THE GRAMPIAN MOUNTAINS, &c. &c.

ONE morn a bright propitious dream
Recall'd a long-forgotten theme ;

Each happy prejudice inspir'd

The vision, till my soul was fir'd.

“ All hail, my native scenes,” I said,

“ All hail, each hill and well-known glade !

“ While through the veil of æther blue,

“ Your regions, bursting on my view,

“ Their glorious grandeur half reveal,

“ What lively pleasure do I feel ?

X

“ I feel

- “ I feel my gladdened spirits glow,
 “ My blood in brisker currents flow.
 “ In native air and soil we find
 “ Something congenial to the mind :
 “ Our early scenes when we review,
 “ The scenes our early joys renew ;
 “ And Fancy paints beyond the truth
 “ The sweet delusion of our youth.
 “ How bright the golden dawn of life,
 “ How free from mists of care or strife !
 “ I envy oft the * unthinking boy,
 “ Pleas'd with each sport and gilded toy :

* Ω παι—

Καίτοι σε καὶ νῦν τετὸ γε ζῆλόν ἔχω,

Ὅδ' ἕνεκ' ἔδεν τῶνδ' ἐπαισθάνη κακῶν.

Ὡς ἴω φρονεῖν γὰρ μηδέν, ἥδιός τις βίος. &c. &c.

Sophoc. Ajax, 552.

“ Kind

- " Kind hope within his bosom glows,
 " Nor thought nor settled grief he knows,
 " And scarce believes what oft he hears
 " Of all the toils of ferious years.
 " Since arduous my meridian hours,
 " Not spent in Sloth and Pleasure's bowers,
 " O may my evening be serene,
 " And sober Peace conclude the scene I
 " I envy oft declining age:
 " Retiring from the tempest's rage,
 " It bids the ocean wild adieu,
 " And sees the tranquil port in view.
 " What tho' the fun of life descends I
 " It sees a light that never ends."

Hence with the cuckoo let me fly
 To where the Caledonian sky

Bids

Bids welcome to the gentle May;
 And, in the warm solstitial day,
 Let me with some amusive book
 Saunter by the shady limpid brook.
 If haply I some shepherd spy,
 Or courteous villager pass by,
 I stand and gently bid them hail,
 Nor scorn to hear their rustic tale.
 Such scenes can calm the troubled breast,
 And lull the passions into rest,
 Far better than whate'er the gay
 Pursue, tho' Pleasure gild their day,
 And late the feast, the dance, and song,
 Their midnight revelry prolong,
 While tinsel'd beaux and stately dames
 Attempt to wake reluctant flames.

The

The Oreäd shall sooth my cares,
 And sing her native Scottish airs :
 Her melody can touch the heart,
 And charm without the Siren's art.
 The hoary foldier may I see
 Reclined beneath some aged tree,
 Where, far from tumults and from wars,
 He oft displays his honest scars !
 Lull'd by the gentle whispering breeze,
 The tinkling rill and hum of bees,
 He muses on his wars and woes,
 'Till dewy sleep his eye-lids close :
 Then dreams of arms and conflicts dire,
 Of burning climes and hostile fire,
 And thinks the foldier's lot but hard,
 Whose labours earn such small reward.

Next place me where I may behold
 Grey rocks ascend, abrupt and bold;
 While fragments, tumbling to the ground,
 At awful intervals resound.
 Lo! on the highest pinnacle
 The antient eagle deigns to dwell;
 Dash'd from his wings th' ambrosial dew,
 He soars beyond the human view,
 And straight directs his regal flight.
 Against the sun's resplendent light,
 Or in the storm delights to rove,
 Nor heeds the flames of thundering Jove:
 The prey not 'scapes his sharpest eye,
 But, darting down th' aerial sky,
 With dreadful pounce he grasps the fawn,
 Or lamb that sports upon the lawn.

An

An ampler range before me lies,
 And walks of bolder enterprize;
 I roam through venerable woods,
 Whose gloomy horror crowns the floods;
 These well may seem the dread abodes,
 Where live retir'd the Sylvan Gods;
 Where dwell the Fairies of the Rills;
 And awful Spirits of the Hills;
 And where the Nymphs with tresses green,
 And Goblins of the Night are seen.
 From scenes like these did Fancy feign
 Her Spectres old; a wondrous train
 Then upward, upward let me stray,
 Tho' rude and toilsome be the way;
 Let me those mountains blue explore,
 Where scarce a poet trod before:

Methinks

Methinks 'tis glorious still to rise,
 And nearer to approach the skies.
 I pass by many a lovely scene,
 And many an unfrequented green :
 Quick-starting in the vale below,
 I see the solitary roe,
 Affrighten'd by the sighing breeze,
 Or rustling foliage of the trees :
 The stag displays his antlers tall,
 Like those which grace some antique hall :
 The hare with changeful colour here
 Foretels the seasons of the year ;
 His winter robe is white as snow,
 As well the wondering shepherds know.
 Nor pregnant Nature glads her plains
 Alone ; she o'er her rude domains

Methinks

Has

Has plenteous scattered fruits and flowers
 That might adorn Pomona's bowers :
 Here may the wandering pastoral boy
 His luscious feast unbought enjoy.
 See, bubbling from the verdant hills,
 Transparent founts and tremulous rills !
 Tho' small and scanty is their source,
 They grow to rivers in their course,
 And wind through many a vale and plain
 In mighty mazes to the main.
 Cærulean springs ! around your cells
 Some strange religiousness there dwells,
 Altho' no old mysterious themes,
 Nor fables dignify your streams ;
 Tho' not indebted to the Muse,
 Like Hippocrene or Arethuse.

Behold ! the * ptarmichans appear,
 That hover all the tedious year
 These solitary mountains round,
 In undisturb'd and peaceful ground.
 Their plumage ting'd in softest blue,
 They imitate the æther's hue :
 Perchance, in yon sequester'd dell,
 They did frequent the hermit's cell,
 In those romantic, anchorite times,
 When penance expiated crimes,
 And haggard Superstition's dread
 Bewitched Virtue captive led.

But lo ! the Grampian summits bare !
 Here purer breezes fan the air :
 The azure sky is all serene,
 No vagrant cloud in all the scene :

The

* See Pennant's Tour.

The light of noon o'erspreads the hills,
 And glitters from the rocks and rills :
 Yet still some elevated brow
 Retains its wintry shroud of snow.
 I ken the expanded prospect round
 Unto the horizon's utmost bound.
 Ye glorious Grampian Mountains, hail !
 O could my humble song prevail,
 I fondly would enroll your name
 With hills of high poetic fame.
 To you, when thus serene and calm,
 Might e'en Olympus yield the palm,
 Where oft, as fabling poets tell,
 The happy Gods were wont to dwell,
 While neither winds, nor snows, nor night,
 Approach'd their glittering skirts of light.

These

These hills as Nature's bulwarks stand
 From Slavery to guard our land.
 Here Liberty her war-song sung,
 And Horror on her *target rung,
 When Galgacus his Britons led,
 And in her cause unsheath'd the blade;
 While Rome's oppression he withstood,
 The vallies reek'd with Celtic blood.
 What tho' with souls unused to yield
 The noble victims strew'd the field!
 What tho' the great historic sage
 With triumph animate his page!
 From hence the Caledonian name,
 Adorns the bloody rolls of Fame:
 No more did Rome these realms invade
 With golden eagles wide display'd;

Here

* Tacitus in Vita Agricolaë.

Here ebb'd* its conquest's purple tide,
 And fix'd the bounds of Roman pride.
 Our Sires, tho' stain'd with barbarous blue,
 The worth of sacred Freedom knew :
 They knew to guide the rattling car
 Through all the mazes of the war ;
 Nor did they crouch with abject mind,
 Like spirits of ungenerous kind,
 But oft annoy'd with numerous ills
 The warriors of the Seven Hills.
 With us let Freedom ever reign,
 Nor let the Muse these haunts disdain.
 Here, here in transports may I lie,
 And let me dream of visions high,

* The Expedition of Severus can hardly be thought an exception.

Which my rapt fancy may inspire,
 And, from some viewless airy lyre,
 At Eve immortal music hear,
 While Ossian whispers in my ear !
 But should my mind a higher strain
 Attempt, and, leaving fictions vain,
 On Contemplation's pinions soar,
 I then the Deity adore.
 O'er these rude regions clearly shine
 The characters of Power Divine :
 I feel half-kindling in my breast
 Some high enthusiasm of the Blest :
 My frame with sacred horror shakes,
 And in my heart devotion wakes.
 But chiefly, if the storm arise
 In all the terrour of the skies,

While

While frequent lightning round me shines,
 And rends the rocking oaks and pines,
 While loud resounds the thunder's roar
 From the Eastern to the Western shore,
 Be mine to recognize the God,
 While Nature trembles at his nod.
 Great God! how awful is this scene!
 Thy majesty conspicuous seen!
 Vain is the Sceptic's impious noise,
 Religion sure is Nature's voice:
 She here excites the pious strain
 No less than in the Gothic fane.
 O thou that didst impart of yore
 On holy hills thy heavenly lore,
 Thou Spirit of seraphic fire,
 Thy sober extacies inspire!

Religion,

Religion, o'er my soul diffuse
 Thy grace, ennobling all my views!
 O teach me modestly to scan
 Thy gradual and mysterious plan.
 What great Philosophers infer
 By Reason's light and studious care
 Of Nature's story, oft unfold,
 And what record thy Patriarchs old.
 Thy mystic visions then unseal,
 Whate'er thy chosen Few reveal,
 (While they our scanty faith supply
 By miracle or prophecy,)
 With what indites each fainted sage
 Of primitive or purest age.
 Dispel the darkness from my sight,
 By some faint glimpses of the light:

Pervade

Pervade with purifying art
 The subtle texture of my heart,
 And teach me daily to repair
 My faults by penitence and prayer.
 The verdure of the world shall fade,
 And Fate depress each mountain's head;
 But Nature's grand catastrophé
 Affects not Charity and Thee:
 Nor shrinks in that tremendous hour
 The man supported by thy power.
 When sounds the trump from pole to pole,
 He with serenity of soul
 May see the melting rocks retire,
 And all the Grampian Hills on fire.

I D Y L L I U M V.

E V A N. A T A L E.

TOO little do we know the scenes of woe
Which oft unnotic'd happen here below.

We read the splendid sorrows of the Great,
But know not those of men in humbler state;
Their destiny obscure escapes our eye,
For them we shed no tear and heave no sigh.
Then many a theme of tragic strain we lose,
Unknown to learned story or the Muse:
Such now there are, and such have been of yore,
Before the days of poetry and lore.

'Tis

'Tis one of these I venture here to tell,
 The tale may please if I relate it well.
 Tho' Superstition here her fictions blend
 With holier Creed, yet let it not offend
 The learned critic, or the pious sage;
 Such were the motley tenets of the age.
 One eve, when Autumn now, had warn'd the leaves,
 And careful bound his latest, greenest sheaves,
 What time the shepherd, wrapt in mantle gray,
 Or sought his bleating sheep that chanc'd to stray,
 Or curious view'd the distant vagrant fawn,
 Fair Ellene darkling walk'd the dewy lawn;
 Close by the bank she with a pensive eye
 Survey'd the fullen stream flow-wandering by.
 A peaceful stillness marks the close of day,
 The little insects o'er the waters play,

While

While through the air, upon the listening ear,
 The distant cataract stole in murmurs clear.
 The village sexton toll'd his evening-bell,
 And swinging slow as if he rung the knell,
 He seem'd to act through some mysterious power,
 While dusky clouds involv'd the Gothic tower;
 Sad Echo still return'd the solemn sound
 From every rock and hoary mountain round.
 Beya, a sprite that erst from heaven fell,
 As swains and old enthusiast wizards tell,
 Close by the stream now comb'd her ebon hair;
 She fillets gay and garlands seem'd to wear,
 And firen toys display'd to lure some child,
 While peeping o'er the precipices wild.
 The night before some chosen youth is drown'd,
 She oft is seen upon the oozy mound.

Fair

Fair Ellene heard her shrill prophetic yell,
 But whose sad omen 'twas she could not tell.
 Ah! little did she think her blooming spouse,
 To whom she gave her early virgin-vows,
 Her lovely Evan, was her fatal theme,
 When founding the prognostics of the stream.
 The voice the listening dogs now heard from far,
 (As Night mid sable clouds ascends her car,)
 And answer'd with a doleful, lengthen'd howl,
 Which struck with horror Ellene's gentle soul.
 A visionary torch before her moves,
 Which still of great men's death presageful proves:
 A melancholy, paly light it yields,
 While gliding slowly o'er the glimmering fields,
 Until its last expiring blink is seen
 Behind the cypress in the church-yard green.

Evan, with quiver trim and well-strung bow,
 Next morning went to hunt the stag and roe;
 Near him his hound, of ancient Scottish breed,
 With extacy display'd his thundering speed.
 No fear of savage beasts did Evan own,
 Tho' then the wolf was in our forests known.
 O'er many a rock grotesque and chafing flood
 He chas'd the red-hair'd natives of the wood,
 That panting fled to each sequester'd nook,
 Where mossy roots of oak o'erhung the brook.
 Strange is this pastime of the human race,
 And stain'd with blood the pleasures of the chase!
 Well did our ancestors the wolf destroy,
 Since nightly carnage was his savage joy.
 His greenish eyes, that shine with fiery glare,
 His unrelenting temper well declare:

His

His famish'd rage devour'd the sheep and kine,
Nor did he spare the human form divine.

But why for sport destroy the mountain deer?

They ne'er relentless kill'd our lamb or steer:

The herbage of the desert is their food,

Kind Nature's boon; nor do they thirst for blood.

The Muse must here their generous race bewail,

Almost extinct in every British dale.

In vain with them should Luxury compare

Her fallow-deer preserv'd by parks and care.

Tir'd with the various wandering of the day,

Our hunter now did homeward bend his way:

The star of eve shone o'er the Southern hill,

The winds were hush'd, the dewy landscape still:

No other sound disturb'd the slumbering glade,

Save the deep thundering hoar cascade,

The

The rustling of the leaves amid the wood,
 Or breeze that skim'd the surface of the flood.
 For wretched man what secret perils wait?
 The hour of calm is often big with fate.
 Here o'er the giddy rocks and rapid stream
 The neighbouring swains had plac'd a dangerous beam,
 The simple bridge of that rude, artless age,
 Ere social roads were made from stage to stage.
 While o'er this dreadful height secure he goes,
 A sudden whirlwind in the air arose,
 And plung'd him headlong in the eddies deep,
 Which rag'd beneath the foam-besprinkled steep.
 But some, who penetrate through Nature's veil,
 Add supernatural terrors to the tale;
 They say a Demon here in ambush lay,
 To raise the blast and intercept his way:

For

For such there are, if them we may believe ;
 And all who do not studious morn and eve
 Commit their steps to Heaven's guardian care,
 Are subject to these Spirits of the air.

What blackening horrors over Evan brood,
 When struggling with the torrent of the flood!
 His wife and blooming son affect his soul:
 Even in death some fond ideas roll

About our hearts concerning those we love,
 And haunt our shades into the realms above.

High on the rugged rock the faithful hound
 His master's loss bewail'd with moving sound:

In melancholy mood he wander'd near,
 And much the chearful whistle long'd to hear:

That eve, to meet the partner of her love,
 Ellene had walk'd into the neighbouring grove,

D d

Where:

Where anxiously she waited his return,
 Until the lamps of Heaven began to burn.
 Much did she wonder that he stay'd so long;
 Upon her thoughts a thousand fancies throng.
 The apparitions of the former night
 She conjures up in their most hideous light:
 She bids the swains go meet him on the way;
 The duteous swains her bidding quick obey.
 The moon's pale beams, that play'd upon the bank,
 His corse display'd mid roots and osiers dank.
 How chang'd from him, gay hunter of the morn!
 His beauteous skin the pointed rocks had torn;
 Cold were his limbs, extinct his manly grace,
 And ghastly horror sat upon his face.
 With sighs and tears, and many a rustic pray'r,
 The awful burden to her door they bear.

Say,

Say, what did Ellene at that moment feel?

To you, ye gentle bosoms, I appeal!

The nice vibrations of the female heart

Exceed the Painter's and the Poet's art.

What tho' no quickly-bursting tears did flow!

These trickle from the shallow fount of woe.

What though no dismal shrieks did rend the air!

These mark the phrenzy of a vulgar fair.

Beneath the fatal shock her spirit bows,

So bends beneath the storm the gentle rose.

"Evan!" she said, "I soon shall follow thee,

"Nor cruel Death shall part my love from me.

"For him no sable weeds shall Ellene wear;

"Methinks that Heaven already hears my pray'r.

"O Evan! may I soon thy spirit greet

"In that blest world where all true lovers meet!

"Since

" Since sure forebodings tell me that I die,

" In one sad tomb let both our bodies lie."

The clouds of sorrow settle on her soul,
Before her eyes the forms of Hades roll;
With languor droops each charm and female grace,
And dimpling smiles no more adorn her face.
Yet oft her son with animated look
She ey'd, till life her throbbing pulse forsook :
Hard conflict when the soul to worlds above
Half soars and half reverts to pious love !
But Death, our last sad comforter and friend,
Did soon her agonizing troubles end.
A different fate awaits her lovely boy,
Who now, unconscious of each frolic joy
Which life's unclouded morn are wont to cheer,
Is doom'd to weep upon th' untimely bier :

Where

Where waves the weeping willow to the wind,
 He vents the melancholy of his mind,
 And pores upon each sadly-passing wave
 Which glides beneath his parents silent grave.

Hence then reflect, ye prosperous and gay,
 How strange the changes of a single day!
 On what a narrow plank your lot depends,
 How suddenly the fiction Grandeur ends!
 Hence think, ye self-congratulating fair,
 How much depends upon a breath of air!
 So may ye not confide in Fortune's smiles,
 Nor e'er be lur'd by Pleasure's treacherous wiles;
 So may ye stop, when in your high career,
 To hear distress and shed the female tear.

F I N I S.

Went to the office and saw the

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